Poems - Drafts

- Brian Edwards

2025

1.

I know the song
you sing
it has filled
my ears before
upon days
when evocation
of the Sun
seemed to reach
a state
of perfection
I have lived
many different
lives
with this mind
with these thoughts
of mine
that seem
to drift
through mirrors
I have taken
something
from this world
and made of it
an amulet
of fire
I have dreamt
during
the long winter
I have given
my own names
to my own shadows
I have seen
the twilight
of a century
yet I have
awakened
to behold
the dawn of
a promising tomorrow

***

- 11/16/2025

2.

The dream
can either be
a false reality
or it can be
a better one
someday
we'll figure
it all out
someday
when we stop
tormenting
ourselves
someday
when we
no longer wish
to dry up under
a scorching
desert Sun
someday
when we've
befriended
the rattlesnake
that we
once feared
the dream
can be an omen
originating
from some
far away place
full of ravens
and candelabras
or the dream
can be
an open window
through which
you may see
a tomorrow
down the road
most radiant

***

- 11/16/2025

3.

Fill my night
with the Sunlight
unseen
that sphere
of flame
down under
the horizon now
bringing light
to another place
a far ways
from here
where dreamers dream
as dreamers
dream here
and anyplace
where the
sleeping soul
seeks the sky
the clouds
and beyond
bring it back
to me then
the illumination
of a star
the flame
of a fifteenth century
candle
bring it all
back to me then
for I wish to see
the hidden sky

***

- 11/16/2025

4.

Waking up
in a fog
of time
I know the feeling
all too well
I know
the sensation
of a wind
without remorse
I know
the appearance
of a day
that will reveal
nothing
I know
all too well
the fog of time
I have learned
its songs
I have learned
its poetry
I have
encountered it
deep in a forest
at Sunrise
I have
experienced time
that follows
no course
no direction
time that is not
called forth
by any particular
destiny
and how it seems
to me
so entwined with
a remorseless wind

***

-11/16/2025

5.

If we followed
the course
revealed
in our dreams
of the stars
the world
would probably be
a better place
money has
no value beyond
the great
threshold
the media
is only really
relevant
in the local
star system
interest rates
tariffs
stock markets
wind
wind
wind
just a bunch
of wind
heading for
a desert
where flowers
never grow
yet up there
beyond
the blue sky
there is
something else
that awaits

***

- 11/15/2025

6.

I wonder why
the wind
is harsh for me
so often
I have never
conspired
against the wind
though I have
cursed it
many times
it takes
its revenge
with harshness
and the
tree branches
sway violently
and the singing
song birds
of the morning
head for the hills
or to a valley
of the dawn
or to fields
out in
the countryside
full of dew
and flowers
basically
to any place
where the harsh wind
isn't looking
to settle
an old score

***

- 11/16/2025

7.

Such folly
such a mistake
what can I say
I can blame it
on being naive
yet I won't find
my absolution there
now after
the deed is done
I see more clearly
the way of things
I can recognize
the madness
that has
gripped the land
that has spread
its giant
vulture wings
the madness
that has sent
legions of serpents
into our gardens
such folly
such a mistake
that I've made
the deception
was always there
for all to see
I was blind
I was naive
now I see
the shining light
of absolution
shining like
a star
fallen to Earth
across an icy plateau
in the land
of nowhere

***

- 11/16/2025

8.

Still searching
for the
Fountain of Youth
still searching
for the gold
of El Dorado
still searching
for a lost city
last seen
disappearing
into the mist
and I know
that many things
are imperfect
and I know
that many things
are simply
not true
yet there is much
that is true
that stays hidden
waiting centuries
for the bold
for the mad
for the determined
I know
you feel
the same way
sometimes
just sometimes

***

- 11/17/2025

9.

I am called out
thrown into
the arena
mocked by
an angry crowd
I have been waiting
a thousand years
for a candle flame
a particular
candle flame
not just any
and so
I'll wander
into a city
overgrown
with vines
I'll remember
the old days
how crowded
the streets were
back then
how things
can change
even when
the world
seems not
to notice

***

- 11/17/2025

10.

Having another
silent dream
of the world
the worldly sounds
are absent
as many things
are absent
in my dream
of the world
and sometimes
I don't know
what's happening
and sometimes
I follow
the spider
the mouse
the wind
sometimes
I await
the muse
and sometimes
the muse
is waiting
for Orpheus
and sometimes
I hear
the wind chimes
yet this is not
a regular thing
as the worldly
sounds are absent
in my silent dream

***

- 11/17/2025

11.

Sometimes
the mountains
seem to
speak to my soul
inviting me
up to the sky
one day
I will
follow up
on that offer
I tell myself
yet for now
I'm stuck
down here
in the whirlwind
of a great mirage
where I often
hear laughter
yet never
my own

***

- 11/17/2025

12.

Now the hours
whisper to me
as do the trees
the waves
the Sunrise
the morning light
dances through
my mind
my name
is called
I look
and behold
forever's sky
a new day
is just beginning
my dreams
drift away
upwards
towards
the passing clouds

***

- 11/18/2025

13.

I do not wish
to know
anything more now
I simply wish
to see the Sunrise
as often
as possible
I do not wish
for fortune
or to be thrown
into the wind
of illusions
I only wish
to see
the first light
the light
of a new
beginning

***

- 11/18/2025

14.

Sitting around
on this cold night
hearing
the ominous
fiddle playing
watching
the metaphorical
flames burn
off in the
distance
deciding to try
not to think
about it
because life
is short
and time
can be wasted
so easily
there are
many others
that seem concerned
by hearing
the ominous
fiddle playing
they must have
heard of Nero
at least once
or twice before
and now
they believe
as I do
that Nero has
come back
to play us all
a tune
in our honor
as the metaphorical
flames rise
casting a glow
of finality
off in the distance

*** - 11/18/2025

15.

A can of beans
and a few
pop-tarts
for dinner
the heating
in my apartment
is broken
and this
November night
is breathing on me
like an ice dragon
I check
the news headlines
for a dose
of melancholy
as my neighbor's cat
patrols the walkway
outside
remembering
the days
when the mice
would run in fear
now those days
are long gone
yet my
neighbor's cat
can still pretend
things are otherwise
I have no opinion
just a feast
of beans
this night
in November

***

- 11/18/2025

16.

Stars going out
in a river
of tears
and we know
that the seeds
of all of this folly
were sown
by our own hands
as sparrows attack
the passing dirigibles
and minotaurs devour
the tax collectors
as dreams
float away
from balconies
into the night
like the sweet sound
of so many clarinets
upon the wind

***

- 11/18/2025

17.

There is little
reconciliation
to be had
the tar pit
chooses you
and not the other
way around
there is little
absolution
little clarity
little perfection
that's all
been sold off
to the corporations
years ago
yet there are
plenty of cactus
tarantulas
and scorpions
in the desert
that we often
dream about

***

- 11/18/2025

18.

I didn't
recognize anything
as a shining
path forward
I saw the bright
Full Moon
up there
in the sky
that was
enough for me
yet I knew
that most others
would not
take the Moonlight
with them
into tomorrow
and sometimes
we need
to recognize
the music
hidden in
the wind
hidden in the sound
of the swaying trees
the tides
shall rise
the owl
and the bat
shall awaken
yet few
shall recognize
a shining path
forward

***

- 11/19/2025

19.

Sometimes I feel
like throwing
all of my beliefs
into the Sun
let whatever it was
burn up
in the great fire
let it become
flaming hydrogen
let it become
a solar flare
let it scramble
radio broadcast
and telegraph
machines
if anyone
is still
using those
which I doubt

***

- 11/19/2025

20.

I walk among
the fire ants
and feel something
profound
yet I can't seem
to find the words
to describe it
the world's
little mysteries
circle around
my head
like winged
gargoyles
and I feel that
dreaming about
eternity
is pointless
though it is
a rainy morning
in New Jersey
after all
and the vipers
are out there
with their
mobile phones
and the echo
of an old sonata
is hardly
even heard now
as the time clocks
collect their bounty
of desperation
and fading dreams

***

- 11/19/2025

21.

Waking up
each morning
to a world
with a different
reflection
in the mirror
what could
it mean
the bird
perched on
the edge
remains silent
the bird
knows something
that I don't know
about this
strange place
reflected
in the mirror

***

- 11/19/2025

22.

Just as I
was leaving
for work
this morning
the heavens
opened up
a cold rain
on a cold
Autumn day
walking through
puddles
in the parking lot
with holes
in my shoes
there was no way
to avoid it
I spent all day
at work
with wet
cold feet
from the holes
in my shoes
it could have
been avoided
after all
I suppose
yet it wasn't
not very much
forethought given
not very much
received

***

- 11/19/2025

23.

They feed us lies
almost as if
the windmills
were blessed
with an eternal wind
some don't seem
to care any longer
others do
yet those that don't
are growing
in number
and so
we'll file our taxes
and much of
our money
will end up
in the hands
of scarecrows
blessing us
with acceleration
towards the abyss
and we'll go out
into the streets
looking for
enlightenment
looking for
epiphany
out into
the streets
we'll go looking
for salvation
through
an open window

***

- 11/19/2025

24.

The days seem
to blow away
in the wind
anymore
I can't seem
to find them
they are scattered
and lost to me
I am not
faster than
the wind
not even close
anymore
I have been
worn down
by too many days
of the fierce wind
the cold wind
the wind
that scatters
and I just
keep on enduring
for we were
meant to
supposedly
either way
my days
are scattered
blowing across
a field at dawn

***

- 11/18/2025

25.

Waking up
to the confusion
it's not getting
any easier
it's not
any more rewarding
waking up
within the confusion
within the haze
a haze
of the confusion
waking up
going off to
the grind
spending my
daylight hours
at the grind thing
a lousy
social contract
I want time
more time
to scribble out
the enlightened
madness
that I feel
I want more time
to take in
the splendor
of the morning sky
yet things
are ordered
as they are
ordered
for now
anyway

***

-11/20/2025

26.

I walked out
my front door
this morning
into a world
of singing birds
and the rumbling
sound
of trucks
rolling down
the nearby road
I walked out
my front door
into the world
still dark
with only
faint traces
of the
approaching Sun
appearing
in the sky
to the east
I walked out
into the world
of both
the remembered
and the forgotten
I walked out
into the labyrinth
of expenses
of debts owed
into the world
of dwindling
chances
and the birds
were singing
as the trucks
went by

***

- 11/20/2025

27.

I don't wish for
a different hour
or a different day
I don't wish to see
a falling star
though if I
happened
to see one
I wouldn't
mind it
I don't wish
to feel
the effects
of the Full Moon
on my sanity
the bright glow
of the Moonlight
is enough for me
I savor it
and allow it
to bring back
the memories
of better times

***

- 11/20/2025

28.

Sometimes
the shadows stop
and ask me
questions
I try to answer
truthfully
for I myself
have felt
the wind
of deceit
I try and proceed
down the road
of time
as quietly
as I can
yet sometimes
I feel a moment
thrashing
to let out
a scream
such occurrences
appear and then
move on
the numerous cycles
continue
the machinery
of the world
keeps on
with its
motions
and sounds
lightbulbs illuminate
darkened rooms
so that eyes
may see
once more

***

- 11/20/2025

The world
seems to be
waiting for
an anointed dove
and islands
of cold Moonlight
in a sea
of iguana dreams
I simply try
and blend in
with a crowd
of violinist
always searching
for that
sweet music
of the
ancient orchid

***

- 11/20/2025

30.

I've lost faith
in the acceleration
of time
while I'm
at the job
the clock seems
to intentionally
distort reality
slowing down
the growth
of flowers
somewhere
as the buses
drive by
and the
cargo ships
cross the sea
as civilization
rises
though eventually
drifts towards
that wind
that kicks around
the tumbleweed

***

- 11/20/2025

31.

Lets keep moving
towards that
glowing lantern
over there
it once belonged
to an old
philosopher
who has
moved on
and speaks
to us now
through the stars
of the
constellations
the ancients knew
let us keep moving
towards
that glowing
light
as it will
guide us towards
the same serenity
the old philosopher
once knew
let us keep
moving on
that we may find
his words
of vision
that we are
so thankful for

***

- 11/20/2025

32.

A few
pieces of bread
for dinner
an offering
to the crows
and the
withered flowers
in discarded
flower pots
a Full Moon
rises
some strange men
will turn
into werewolves
in this hour
I keep some
wolfsbane
on my windowsill
a little superstition
is fine
when you know
the truth
of a few things
and my hunger
is satisfied
I wouldn't call
a few pieces
of bread
a feast
yet I endure
what must be
endured
and my eyes
can still see
many hidden
mysteries
of the night

***

- 11/20/2025

33.

I took a song
from a pets shop
this evening
as the lanterns
of Plato
glowed
bringing light
to dark corners
I believed that
a parakeet
was reciting
Joyce to me
and my words
did dance
through all
the confusion
regarding
the modern age
now the maze
runs through
a collapsing
house of cards
windows
are opened
and biplanes
fly in
within a room
where the imagined
is the only world
the true world

***

- 11/20/2025

34.

If time
is a river
of consequence
then one would be
blessed being
the feather
of a peacock
if time
is a diamond
of the finest
synthesis
then one
would be
blessed
being
a nautical
instrument
on the ship
of Ulysses
upon those
nights
of incense
when Ithaca
appears
before you
in a dream

***

- 11/20/2025

The Light is Exquisite in the Blender :

The light
is exquisite
in the blender
as you open
your eyes
as you awaken
from reincarnation
with a memory
of Atlantis
the tempest wind
howls with
enchantment
you were born
to see reflections
across the
plateau of ice
you knew
that capitalism
was only a dream
yet you flew
up to the stars
anyway
many believe
you sought
what is true
and immaculate
in the fiery
hydrogen ponds
many assumed
that you would
assume
the identity
of Icarus
after digesting
so much
of the absurd

***

- 11/20/2025

36.

Let us go
and feel the fog
in eternity's
wasteland
let us tune in
to the radio stations
of Alpha Centauri
let us go
and attempt
to fill the void
within us
with berries
grapes
vines
and chalices
as we walk
when we are weary
upon ancient sand
let us electrify
the philosophy
of our souls
let us seek
redemption
or disappearance
in eternity's fog

***

- 11/20/2025

37.

I must work
I must dream
I must be able
to sail off
towards the Sun
if I so please
reality
is not always
peaches
and apples
sometimes
it is long
dreary hours
in the void
of the workday
yet I must have
the ability
to sail off
towards the Sun
if I so desire
the truth found
in the long
dreary hours
is not the truth
I wish to embrace
I often see
the light
of the stars
with my own eyes
and I know
that I must
be able
to sail away
when I please

***

- 11/20/2025

38.

It's fine
I don't recognize
the Earth
any longer
myself
what have we
done to it
sphere of
the violet
and the orchid
what have
we done
to this
great theater
of the true
heart and soul
what have we
believed in
for so long
was it all
just fog
in a field
in the early
morning light
we wished
to be so clever
yet we have simply
opened doors
to the immortal
tar pits

***

- 11/21/2025

39.

Steal some light
take it
hide it
in your pocket
all existing rules
are simply
folly at this point
as I look
and can see
the tower
of the dove
on the horizon
steal some light
orphan
of the stars
no bureaucracy
can claim
ownership
of all the light
even if they
are old
they are not
as old
in comparison
steal some
of the light
claim it
in the name
of stars
of the
Andromeda Galaxy
go forth into
the light
of the day
and summon
a thousand mirages
in the wasteland

***

- 11/21/2025

40.

I woke up
to the sound
of thunder
that wasn't
really there
I woke up
discerning
little distinction
between
the bad dream
and the reality
I woke up
looked around
and there were
no candles
glowing anywhere
I woke up
and found
the silence
louder than
an orchestra
I woke up
believing
that the rain
would not wash
anything away
and that was
the truth
of the matter
it was just
a cold rain
without
any miracles

***

-11/22/2025

41.

Why would they
want to poison
the one
who gave spark
to the words
and sent them
flying into
the rising Sun
why would they
want to poison
the one
who scribbled down
his visions
when at least
some of them
were half-true
why would they
why would they
to the man
who spoke across
the infinite night
and received
a reply
from across
the great barrier
why would they
do they fear
the poet
with a pen
more than a thief
with fancy shoes
in this
day and age

***

- 11/22/2025

42.

I once stole
an immaculate flower
from an
immaculate garden
and was cursed
by immaculate
lightning
and near perfect
thunder
the gods
will not
be mocked
or so might be
their outlook
on any given day
and so it was
on the day
I stole
an immaculate
flower
from an
immaculate garden
so it was
that day
I was cursed
by immaculate ones
my stealing
an immaculate flower
was mockery
they concluded
and so
an immaculate
punishment
was given
from the clouds
and the immaculate
Sunlight above
on that day

***

- 11/22/2025

43.

I am like
the freezing rain
I anoint
nothing warm
I am like
the freezing rain
that dampens
the mood
on a Saturday
as any candles
left glowing
outside
have all gone out
and a little
essence
of the extinguished
flame
drifts as faint smoke
upwards
towards the clouds
Olympus
or Valhalla
somewhere above
that much
is certain

***

- 11/22/2025

44.

They are as
golden statues
don't you see
we are told
at an early age
that we should
that we must
revere them
for gold is such
a splendid thing
gold is
the bright
shining dream
the beginning
and the end
like the voices
of Zeus and Thor
like apples from
the Garden of Eden
weren't they
made of gold
and so those
that carry
the banners
for those
that carry
the seal
and the scepter
of the traditions
of gold
we should
revere them
we must
revere them
so we were told
at an early age
when true wisdom
was still an enigma
waiting ahead
up the road

***

- 11/22/2025

45.

See the immaculate
Earth
not the Earth
that you see
with your eyes
the Earth
that you see
but not
with your eyes
you will know
what I mean
if you stare
for long enough
at a mirror
reflection
look there
that Earth you see
reflected
in the glass
is that not
the immaculate Earth

***

- 11/22/2025

46. LEFT OFF

Vase
of the sea
flood my dreams
with saltwater
beach sand
shells
and seaweed
I wish to
know you again
for when
I knew you
before
life was like
the light
of a star

***

- 11/22/2025

47.

The feudalist
statue
has faded
into the foliage
a Venus Flytrap
has devoured
the last
dollar bill
some pyramids
have seeing eyes
yet others
are lost
to time
and the desert wind
yet the cities glow
they glow brightly
and they will
continue to glow
until the hour
of the eclipse

***

- 11/22/2025

48.

Immaculate void
the glare
of starburst
exploding stars
are themselves
the Minotaur's mind
where and when
we saw
the seashell
of Venus
we do know little
we do know less
we did
double cross wisdom
a few times
when everything
was gracefully
drifting
like swans
in the mist
of the radio
morning

***

-11/22/2025

49.

Can't sleep
at this late hour
when the streets
are quiet
when the Moon
isn't seen glowing
when somewhere
the desert cactus
stand tall
like ancient obelisk
I can't sleep
though I wish
to be asleep
I can't feel
energized
if I'm simply
not able to
and the streets
are very quiet
the streets
seem to be asleep
the streets
are very lucky
to be asleep
I wish I could be
but the night
had other plans
now I simply
scribble
in this notebook
and listen to
the streets beyond
serenade me
with silence

***

- 11/22/2025

50.

No vision
appears before me
to guide me
to the oasis
that I seek
in a world
where mirages
multiply
like weeds
I keep the dream
within me
the one that
will probably
never come true
but who knows
the whims
of fate
who can hold
the dragon
by the tail
for very long
if you
are looking
for a secret truth
then I've got one
that disappears
before
I even reveal it

***

- 11/23/2025

51.

No ideology
is made of stone
so why carry
some of
the very old ones
around with us
I know that
it's convenient
to fall upon
the familiar
yet something new
must spring forth
and rise
like the Sun rises
so if you're awake
that early
look to the east
for the light
of something new
discard
all the spare change
and old ideologies
that you've been
carrying around
in your pocket
remember
to look
to the east
if you're awake
that early
which it's good
to be
on occasion

***

- 11/23/2025

52.

Catapults
sometimes need
oil and
tea leafs
to thrive
to multiply
to enchant
the besieged
within the castle
full of those
with a different
monarch
the catapults
must be
well maintained
to hurl
pieces of ice
from the cold stars
not the hot ones
the cold ones
that glow
only every
seventeenth
ice age

***

- 11/23/2025

53.

In that time
the nightmare
and the Earth
were one
the orchids
became
factory made
cylinders
the masses
wanted to light
a candle
in every igloo
upon
the icy plateau
in that time
when so many
snakes
found sanctuary
in our gardens
when we counted
three Suns
in the sky
of the Roman
afternoon

***

- 11/23/2025

54.

The old man
of the
star collisions
wandered through
the desert
of the cacti
and the
sparkling rubies
anointed flames
touched the sky
in an
albatross wind
further and faster
than a locomotive
the locomotive
from the
nineteenth century
arrived through
the tunnel
of the
paranoid clock

***

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55.

It's a lovely
Autumn morning
I just woke up
my body
seems to be
one place
my mind
still seems
to be in
another place
entirely
and I hear
some sounds
out there
on the streets now
the streets
are awake
just as I
am awake now
just trying
to join
the body
and the mind
back into one
it's just a matter
of it being
easier to exist
in the world
that way

***

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